

"It's all true, every word of it. I'm

her father, poor lamb, and I've seen just like that. I've seen a lot of 'em. I'm ready to sign the pledge myself, ladies, and by the help of God I'll keep it. And now, Ben," turning toward him as he spoke, "for the sake of the poor fellows like me who are so easily tempted, for the sake of their wives and children, for the sake of your own wife and baby, who is no prettier than my Nannie was once, I ask you to give up this miserable business."

Brannan had grown very pale while Nannie and her father were speaking; his pretty little wife was sobbing bitterly as she clung to his arm, and the innocent face of his baby girl looked up wonderingly into his. There was a fearful struggle in the man's soul; how

could he yield when he had boasted that he never would? But, then, how could he continue to sell the maddening poison, which could make a man crush and mangle the delicate form of his own little child? Then as the idea which Nannie had suggested came back to him, he remembered the responsibility of poor Mary Burke requiring her husband's blood at his hands, he hesitated no longer.

"I'll give in," he said, hesitantly. "I don't ought to hold out against my angel from Heaven, but I wouldn't stand that poor, lame child." *Mary E. Benson, in XVIth Amendment.*

THE WORK MAN'S DRINK-BILL
Interference in Relation to the Labor

The most urgent want of labor to-day is self-control. In this free country no man endowed with average abilities need remain all his life poor.

verance, with phiss from the banks of labor to the ranks of capital. It is the saving man who becomes the capitalist, and the capitalist who becomes himself indulgences. What a lesson lies in the drink-bill of the American working-men, for instance! At a moderate estimate it amounts to between four and five hundred million dollars a year. While labor is throwing away that enormous sum, it is not to be wondered at that consistency can't invent its condition? One year's remission of that destructive self-indulgence would solve every labor problem extant; would provide a fund for the establishment of co-operative works, for the maintenance and education of orphans, for the support of scientific schools, for all manner of helps.

At present the working-man can hardly make both ends meet. Is it not because he insists on creating capitalists out of the saloon-keepers, and not content with that, on submitting all his rights of citizenship to the whims and obnoxious whims of the worst? The saloon in politics is of the most hideous abuse of the

the saloon flourishes still. There may be no bread at home, but the bread is always there at the saloon, and the men who consider themselves the victims of circumstance or the "thralls" of capital squander their earnings, spend their savings in the dens. Can there be a serious labor question while this state of things continues? Can working-men talk gravely of the wrongs which it is their duty to remedy while they are saved by the capital they earn, they would be comfortable?

This aspect of the case has not been sufficiently examined, and for reasons which will probably occur readily to the reader. But it is really the key to the situation. When we see on the one side a few hundred millions of dollars, and on the other side a body of men, the squanderers of this vast fund, complaining that they have not sufficient opportunities, we can not long be at a loss to comprehend the true nature of the existing dissatisfaction. The first duty of labor is to demonstrate its capacity for self-government. At this point the saloon is an indispensable element of that capacity. No man who spends half his earnings at a saloon

can any body of men follow the same course with better results.—George W. Parsons, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

THE POCKET NERVE.

A Few Comparisons Showing the Enormous Sum of Money Spent for Ram-
pant.

It is a trite saying that "a man is most easily reached by touching the pocket nerve." People can appreciate a waste of money when they are callous to higher or nobler motives. It is an appalling fact that the outlay each year by the people of this country for rum in all its forms is *nine hundred million dollars*. The sum is as large as the entire national debt, and the enormity of this annual outlay, except by comparison. Let us institute a few tests that the reader may realize what scant thrifts we are through rum:

On May 1 of this year the total debt of the United States was \$1,000,000,000.

The sum we pay for rum would pay off that debt entirely inside of two years. The country needs nearly fifty millions a year in interest.

We spend as much for rum each year as the total wages of all the working men of the country.

We pay out \$900,000,000 a year for rum, and but \$505,000,000 for all the breadstuff that we consume in the same time.

We spend for rum nearly three times as much as we spend for meat, the annual total for the latter item being about \$303,000,000.

The total value of the entire production of all our iron and steel industries

year is about \$290,000,000—not one-third of our whiskey bill.

We spend each year \$237,000,000 for all our woolen goods and clothing, and \$210,000,000 for those of cotton—a total of \$447,000,000—not half what we waste on rum.

There are many people who groan over the cost of our public schools, and consider the tax a burden; yet, the cost less than one-tenth of what rum costs. The round numbers \$85,000,000 per year.

Ponder these figures, and determine whether rum is worth what it costs you.

—Toledo Blade.